

## TICKLES HIS CHIN.

Female Clerks in the Sixth Auditor's Office Do It.

## DISBURSING CLERK HOLMAN

Is the Victim of This Species of Amorous Persecution—A Chapter on Promotions with a Sunday School Preface on Ice—R. M. Johnson, a Papier Maché Chief, etc., etc.

The Sixth Auditor's Office of the Treasury Department is a hotbed of scandal, and has been seeping with sensations for a long time.

It is yet fresh in the memory of those who make notes, of a scene on the street between a dame from that office and the wife of a gentleman with whom the female clerk was surreptitiously corresponding. And it is still more recent occurrence that another female clerk in the same department was regrettably compelled to resign after the visit of a gentleman's wife in whose hands were some of the amorous epistles of the Sixth Auditor dame to the lady's husband.

Why don't we give names? What's the use of skinning dead carrion when there are live sinners still holding down positions and working their promotions with their peculiar "influence"?

In the Sixth Auditor's Office there are ladies who are everything that virtuous, Christian women ought to be, and their superiors in all the moral attributes do not exist; but there are a few who cannot, we regret to say, lay claim to these endowments. They are openly coarse and immoral, a scandal and reproach to their more virtuous sister employees.

Much of this condition of affairs in the Sixth Auditor's Office is due to the persistent advances of certain male clerks holding superior positions, which give them advantages they are not slow or reluctant to utilize. Vice is a cunning animal and is seldom unmasked in his lair, but the tracks the beast leaves in his prowling, seeking whom he may devour, indicate infallibly the direction of his march. Hence when open manifestations of unladylike conduct are indulged in in the presence of others, conclusions are justifiably arrived at that there is far more familiarity in private.

Mr. B. W. Holman, disbursing officer of the Sixth Auditor's Office, may be a bit of a fortune hunter. The Globe actually knows to the contrary, but he has an unfortunate way of showing it. When the widow, Mrs. V———, a clerk in the office, will playfully pick and tickle him under the chin in the presence of others it is anything but a Sunday-school lesson in morals, refinement, or good example to exhibit before the class of male and female clerks. It is grossly suggestive under the circumstances, whereas the act itself may be innocent enough under different conditions.

Mr. Holman is the disbursing clerk for all the divisions of the auditor's office, and every clerk, male and female, in A and C. R. M. Johnson's divisions, knows very well that what "Holman says goes with Johnson." Therefore, if there are promotions to be made Holman is the man to "tickle under the chin," and not Johnson. Why? Simply because Holman, by virtue of his position as disbursing clerk, has Johnson under obligations for needed advances, and reciprocity demands that Johnson promote the friends of Holman—among the female clerks.

And Holman has several very particular friends among the lady employees of Johnson's division; in fact, sometimes there is a hair pulling or a sharp exchange of tongue lashings between jealous rivals for the favours of Holman.

It is known that Mrs. A——— and Miss B——— are the most intimate friends. They both work in Mr. Johnson's division. Time and again their very chummy association has been commented on, but they have fallen out and no longer speak to each other. Recently they met face to face in the corridor, and those who heard the picturesque dialogue of the two will never forget how warm the battle was while it lasted.

Now, strange to say, Mr. Holman is a particular friend of both ladies, and it is recalled that when one of those ladies was transferred to an easy snap her chum, through the assistance of Mr. Holman, soon joined her. It happened in this way:

It appears there is a system of percentages in this particular room, showing the standing and efficiency of the clerks. Every quarter this is made up and action taken on it some way or another. Here was a lady who had the deserved respect and esteem of all in this room, and when the percentage was made up she stood 29. Now, Mr. Holman's lady friend wanted to join her chum in the room aforesaid, so on the flimsy pretense of the 29 rating the honest and hard working but coldly respectful female clerk was transferred to a disagreeable and laboriously hard assignment, and Mr. Holman's lady friend was given her place. Thus the two chums were together again, and Holman was happy; so were the ladies until their falling out.

But the most singular part of this affair has to be related. The clerk who stood 28 on the rating is a male friend of the great Holman and the lesser Johnson. What to do with him was a quandary, since 29 was sent down lower for inefficiency. But Holman and Johnson solved the difficulty. But how, gentle reader, do you suppose they did it? Why, by promoting the male clerk, to be sure! "No—really now?" the Globe fancies it hears some unsophisticated reader exclaim. But The Globe is publishing facts, not surmises, innuendoes, or romances. No. 28 on the list of percentages was designated for promotion, and No. 29, the lady whose place was wanted for Mr. Holman's friend, was reduced; that is, put at harder work.

This male clerk's name is Logan. Not "alas, poor Logan," for nobody need "mourn for Logan now," as he has been twice promoted and for the third time recommended for another lift, notwithstanding his percentage of 28.

But, stranger still, the Mesdames A——— and B——— are also designated for promotion over the heads of their seniors in service and their superiors in

everything else, including clerical efficiency. And Mr. Johnson does this and expects to escape notoriety and criticism, but he must remember "a new coon has come to town," named The Sunday Globe, one of the missions of which is to expose notoriety of this kind and such gross and sinister favoritism.

Meantime The Globe has been overlooking, for the moment, Mr. Ben W. Holman. Mr. Holman, silhouetted against the dark, drab walls of the Postoffice, has attracted the attention of The Globe, the window of its office commanding an excellent view of his graceful outlines and killing pose when he evening stands near the curb, and as the female clerks depart beckons those to approach him whom he wishes to distinguish from the common herd with his condescending and mysterious whispers, or low tone bon mots. Yes, bon mots. They must be bon mots, of course, coming from Mr. Holman, for the ladies whom he thus fascinates are destined for his seraglio, whether they ever reach there "is another story," as Rudyard Kipling puts it.

Mr. Holman is a charming creature to "up under the chin" and tickle gently with the slim electric fingers of a female clerk—designated for promotion. Happy Ben, whom the Yum Yums of the Sixth Auditor's Office quarrel over for the mere happiness of a soft, velvety massage of his—Adam's apple!

## Much Obligated—Correct!

WASHINGTON, MAY 16. Editor Sunday Globe: Accidents will happen, as Hanna said when he found out that there were no trusts. So it happened that there was handed to me by my son. I have read it through from beginning to end, including ads. I found it not only interesting, intelligent stuff, but uncovering many happenings that every good citizen ought to know, which other papers refuse to print—afraid of losing some valuable customers.

I see you are using a new broom. I wish you success; may you prosper, but hope that when your broom gets worn you will always substitute a new one. Let it not only be the dollar you are after, but also a good name, which makes friends, in my estimation the more valuable of the two.

I shall give you my full support, and expect to be one of your customers in the future, providing always that you will not change your policy; viz., to instruct and educate the masses, the classes can always take care of themselves.

My policy is America for Americans, which I believe is yours also. Please inform me if I am correct.

R. F. PRESSER,

724 Thirteenth street northwest.

P. S.—Will save every copy of your paper for future reference, as I expect some day to write the observations, ups and downs of a mechanic while living in Washington, D. C.

## From a Woman Inmate.

WASHINGTON ASYLUM, MAY 18. To the Editor of The Globe.

In The Globe of Sunday, May 5, there was a little notice of the "angelic temper" of the matron of the Almshouse. To give The Globe an idea of the Christian and kindly spirit, the tenderness for their feelings, with which the matron treats the poor old white women subject to her care. We will tell you of a late speech of hers, spoken quite publicly on both halls of these two floors where we have our rooms.

She said that some "ladies" (we forget whether she said some of the church ladies, but hope not) had remarked to her "that the very unpleasant odors on our halls was a great deal worse than on the colored people's floor." This she said with a very sarcastic laugh.

Must she not have forgotten that she was matron here and was accountable and paid to see that the people were clean?

We, none of us, "wish" to be in the poorhouse. We are sure stern necessity compels that; but a kind word would go far to render it a more pleasant habitation.

Occasionally ladies come here to see us; but if they can only make unkind remarks about us, and if the matron finds it to be her duty or her pleasure to repeat what they say, we hope for the future these kind "ladies" will stay at home.

AN INMATE OF ALMSHOUSE.

Calculated to give Satan a chill—the Rev. Mr. Sheldon's Topeka Gospel Theatre.

## THE "ART GALLERY"

At Chamberlain's the Scene of a Gambling Story.

## MAHONE, REED, AND JOE CANNON

In a Stiff Game of Poker, are Broken in Upon by a U. S. Judge in Search of a Raise—The Game in Which Judge David Davis Sat Four Days with Joe Cannon and Judge McLane. Court and Bar Escape Indictment.

Judge McLane, a former resident and burgher of Springfield, Ill., was speaking of the good old times the lawyers had nearly half a century ago in that town to a reporter of The Sunday Globe at a downtown hotel. Said the Judge: "We had a very able bar and a mighty clever set of young fellows at the period of which I speak. I recall just now a story the incidents of which happened at a certain court in my state. In those days we had to ride on horseback to attend the courts. It was before railroads had girdled the state as now. Joe Cannon, the present Congressman from Illinois, came from Springfield, a poor, struggling young saddle-bag lawyer, to make his start in life. The older members of the bar took kindly to Joe and pushed him along as much as they could."

"There was a prosecuting attorney to be elected by the people in our district. We advised Joe to run for the office, but he put up the plea that he had not the money to make the canvass."

"Burke is willing, but without the means," said Joe.

"We raised a sufficient amount and started the young son of Blackstone to make the race for the office. He took the stump and showed much energy in the campaign, and by the help of strong friends was elected. David Davis was judge of the district, afterwards on the supreme bench of the United States and U. S. Senator. A new county had been formed in the circuit, and the courthouse was a good day's ride from Springfield. When the time for court to meet occurred, the lawyers from a distance would try to reach the village on a Saturday night, so as to rest on Sunday, ready for work on Monday morning. There was at that time a very strict law in the state against any kind of gambling. At this term of the Supreme Court of which I speak David Davis was the presiding judge. Joe Cannon, Ed. Baker, Ward Laman, Dan Voorhees, and myself started on Saturday morning for the new courthouse. We reached the village about night after a hard day's ride across the prairie. There we met several other lawyers from different places in the circuit. Judge Davis and the district attorney were given the best rooms in the tavern, and the landlord and his wife looked after their attentions profusely on the two. After we had finished our supper it was proposed by some one to go into Judge Davis' room and have a game of cards, to which all consented."

"The game was opened in good order, the judge and district attorney Cannon taking a hand. We played until the tavern bell rang for breakfast on Sunday morning. We adjourned for the meal and a short recreation, but active business was soon resumed. The game became interesting as the day rolled by and continued through the night until Monday morning. We took a recess for breakfast and to get ready for court which met at 10 o'clock. Among the party in the game of cards was a gentleman who was reading law under Oliver Davis, a cousin of the judge. Oliver lived in the village. When the grand jury was called this same student was one of the jurors. Being a very bright fellow, the judge named him foreman of the grand jury. The members of the bar looked at each other and wondered what on earth the judge was thinking about. A motion was made by Oliver Davis to have the man discharged, but Judge Davis said no. Ward Shannon made an appeal, followed by Dan Voorhees, Ed. Baker and others, but the judge did not seem to understand what this meant, his bar being so anxious to have the young man discharged."

"I looked as though we would all be indicted; at last District Attorney Joe Cannon went up to the judge and informed him that the foreman that he had selected was a member of the card party that had been playing in his room for the past forty-eight hours."

"Is that the fellow that won \$800 from me last night," said Judge Davis.

"He is the same fellow," replied Cannon. Then the judge remarked to the young man that he was excused from jury service for that term of the court.

"When the court adjourned for dinner

Joe remarked to the judge that the court and bar had a close call from being indicted for gambling, to which the judge wittily replied, "I knew the district attorney would look out for the court's interest."

"The game was kept up until Wednesday morning, when the final adjournment of the court forced the gamblers to depart, but the exciting part of the whole performance was in the last or closing scene. We had fixed up a job to beat Joe Cannon, if possible; he was the only lawyer who had made expenses during the term of the court, and he had convicted several fellows for playing cards, and had received his fees, which amounted to about \$200. Towards the early hours of the morning we had all played in our piles, with the exception of Joe and Oliver Davis. The old judge was sitting up on the side of the bed watching the game. Joe was getting the best of Oliver when the judge encouragingly said:

"Stand up to him, Cousin Oliver, if you haven't got the money I have." At this point Joe raised Oliver and the judge put down the required amount, but at one sweep of his left hand, after the "show down," Joe raked in the cash and closed the game, which had continued from Saturday until Thursday morning.

"Joe rose smiling and said, 'Gentlemen, the next time you fix up a job to beat left-handed Joe Cannon in a game of poker you had better have more cash in the pot and do better playing. I am ready to advance the money for your board bills at this tavern.'"

Judge Paul, of Virginia, formerly a member of Congress from that State, but who had been elevated to the United States bench by his friend Senator Mahone's influence, tells a good story on the latter, Tom Reed and Joe Cannon.

"It appears that the judge came to Washington to see his friend Senator Mahone for the raising of the judicial salaries of United States judges. Ascertaining that Senator Mahone was at the Chamberlain hotel, he visited that hostelry and inquired if Senator Mahone was in. The diplomatic clerk, evading the Virginia for a moment, replied, 'He stops here, sir.' Then the judge made known his business and stated that he desired an interview with the Senator. The clerk called a porter and said, 'Show the judge to the art gallery.'"

Old residents of Washington need hardly be informed of the nature and character of Chamberlain's art gallery, which was, in fact, a gambling room for members of the House and Senate, and other distinguished guests. It was facetiously named the art gallery. We will now let the judge tell his own story:

"I followed my conductor, who took me through winding passages, up and down stairs, until I began to think that he had lost his way or that I was dreaming. Finally, arriving at a green baize door, the negro gave three knocks, such as are usually given by an applicant for admission in some secret lodge or society. The knocks were answered from inside with three similar taps, then the negro gave one single knock, and the door flew open as if by magic. I entered and gazed for a moment at the walls, expecting to be greeted with the treasures of paintings of this great art gallery. To my surprise there was neither picture nor paintings on the walls, and as I withdrew my gaze to examine the room, there at the furthest end sat Tom Reed, Joe Cannon, and Senator Mahone. They were engaged in a game of poker so still that they did not for a moment or two notice my presence in the room. Finally, Senator Mahone raised his eyes, and greeting me in his squeaky voice, said:

"Hello, Paul, come and sit down and take a hand in the game."

"I excused myself on the ground that the poor salary of a judge prevented me from playing for such stakes."

"Oh, well, Paul, we will raise your salary, won't we Cannon?" addressing Joe, to which Joe replied in the affirmative, and stated that it rested with the Democrats who were in the majority in the House.

"I retorted, 'Mahone that is just what I came to Washington for.' I watched the game for a few minutes in silence, and presently Cannon raked in the pot when Mahone jumped to his feet and in his loudest and squeakiest tone, exclaimed:

"D——m you, Joe, you took advantage of my talking to Paul, and when my eyes were off the table setting up this job and raking in the pot. I'll play no more."

"Big Tom Reed soon made peace between the two, and the game went on. I retired after a few moments, having no further business in the room, my salary, as stated, being insufficient to play with such a crowd."

It is only a step from curl papers at the breakfast table to a combing-sack at luncheon and old shoes in the evening.

## THEATRICAL NOTES.

The syndicate has decided that Washington shall be a "one night stand" for the balance of the season.

At the Columbia, "The Circus Girl" will replace "The Geisha," on Wednesday evening, and continue until further notice. Pleasant memories attach to this "Belle of the Ring." Its popularity at Daly's Theatre was extraordinary, and its revival here will surely interest the large clientele that delights in clean cut, lyric comedy.

After the single performance of "The Merchant of Venice" on Tuesday night, 21st inst., by Mr. Nat C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott and their carefully-chosen company, the National Theatre will remain closed until June 4, when Clissie Loftus and a new vaudeville assemblage will come into view for a brief engagement.

Following the advice of The Globe, the Bijou reopened its doors on Monday evening, with a select company of vaudeville artists, headed by Billy Van and Lenore White.

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References: Capt. Barnes, 942 25th St. N. W.; Mrs. Zoller, 411 St. N. W.; W. T. Crump, Esq., 1204 9th St. N. W.; W. P. Lees, A. M., 802 H St. N. W.; Henry H. Drew, cured of brain trouble, nervousness, 1433 Corcoran St. N. W.; W. Sanford Brown, Esq., 1711 Pennsylvania Ave., cured of lung trouble and catarrh; Mrs. Bertie Hughes, 406 7th St. S. W., cured of consumption; Mrs. E. E. Graves, 1710 32d St. N. W., cured of asthma and lung trouble; Miss Mary E. McKim, 504 B St. S. E., cured of pulmonary consumption and catarrh.

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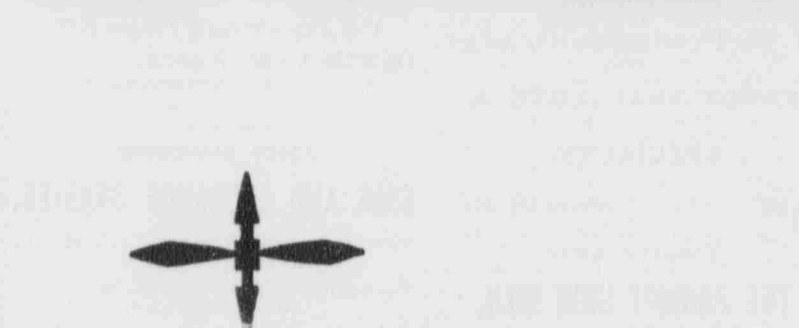
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